

MARTINA McATEE

Dead Things

— THE COLORING BOOK —

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARNILD C. ALDEPOLLA





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/deadthingscolori0000mart>

MARTINA McATEE

Dead Things

— THE COLORING BOOK —

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARNILD C. ALDEPOLLA



MARTINA MCATEE

Dear Things

Copyright © 2016 by Martina McAtee

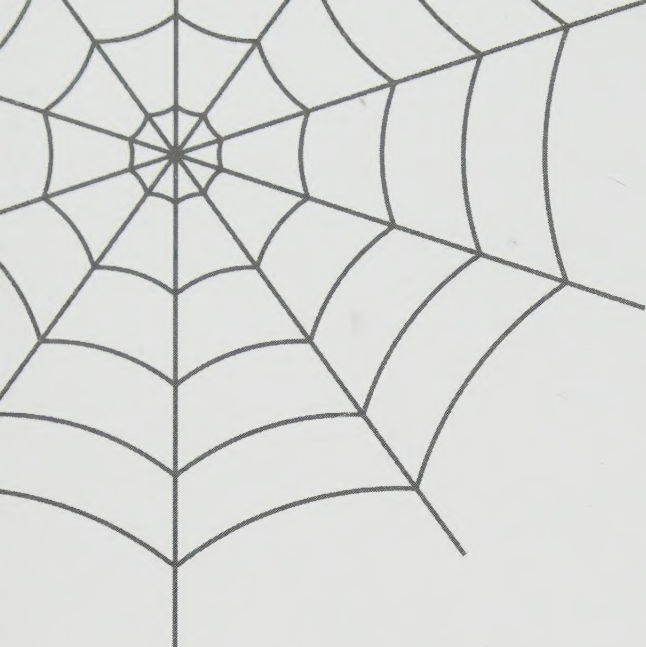
All rights reserved.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced
or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission
of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

ARTIST'S CONCEPT







REAPER







REAPER
Ember
LONER & Co



“I won’t sever our connection. I won’t,” she vowed.

His mouth twisted and he had murder in his eyes. “How old are you? Children whine about their hard choices and choose their crushes over sacrifice. You’re a necromancer. You’re the necromancer, the only one of your kind left, and you’re sniveling about having to sever a connection with a boy who you’ve known for—what?—three months? A boy who had every intention of killing you, lest you forget?”

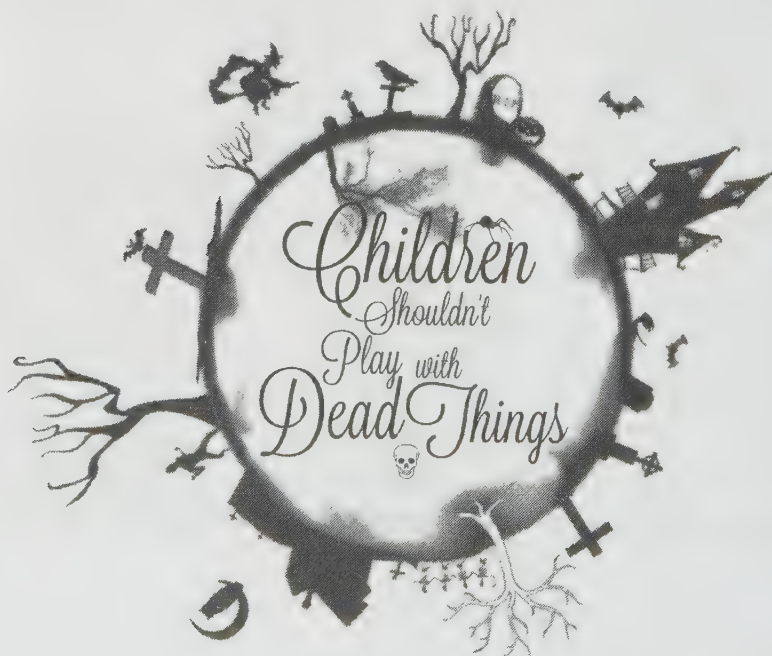




“Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“Me too, bro,” Kai vowed, sitting next to him on the step.

Quinn turned to look at him, expression more solemn than ever before. “I’m serious. I don’t know how I would have survived living with my dad if it wasn’t for you and Isa and even Rhys. This place was my sanctuary, man. Every good memory I have growing up is here with you guys.”





"I hate the Everglades," he told the wolf, his voice gunshot loud in the silence.

Rhys snorted. "Not exactly my dream destination, either," Kai cut his eyes at him and Rhys shrugged. "What? This wasn't my idea."

As the silence stretched on, Kai assumed the wolf had nothing more to say on the matter. Good, it sucked trying to carry on a conversation with somebody who was monosyllabic at best. He leaned the passenger seat back. It wasn't as if his highness was going to let him drive anyway. Nope, Captain Control Issues never let anybody drive his baby.

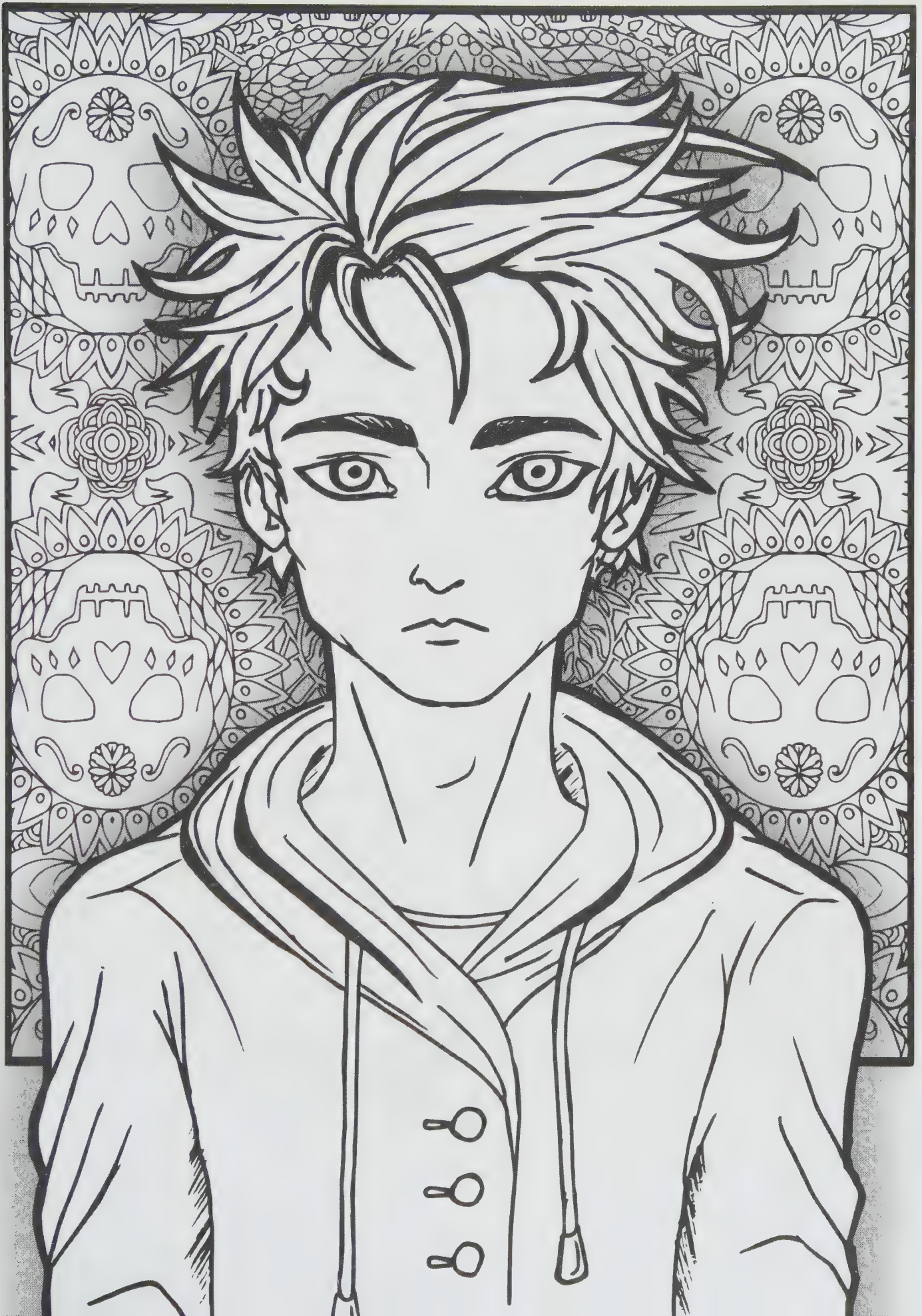
He closed his eyes and tried not to think about the fact that Rhys was close enough to feel the heat of his body. Stupid werewolves and their stupid body temperatures. He turned his face towards the window, definitely not thinking about how good the other boy smelled, or the way his shirt stretched too tight across his shoulders.







Mace SLUGGISH



She howled again. This time, she really put her all into it. Romero tried to join in but he just couldn't get it. Maybe it was her. He needed a better teacher.

A shadow loomed over her. "You get just a bit weirder every day, Luv."

She scoffed, looking up to where he stood with his feet straddling her thighs. "Go away, I'm teaching my dog to be a wolf."

He chuckled, "That's the problem with this town. You have witches teaching reapers to be reapers and reapers teaching dogs to be wolves. It's madness."





She opened her mouth, her scream building from a place that burned deep inside her, but then a hand covered her mouth, cutting off whatever would have come next.

Quinn crouched beside her. “Shh,” he whispered against her ear. “Shh, I’m right here. Whatever you’re hearing, whatever you’re seeing, shut it out. Do you hear me, Dagger? Listen just to me. Listen to the sound of my voice. And. Shut. Them. Out.”

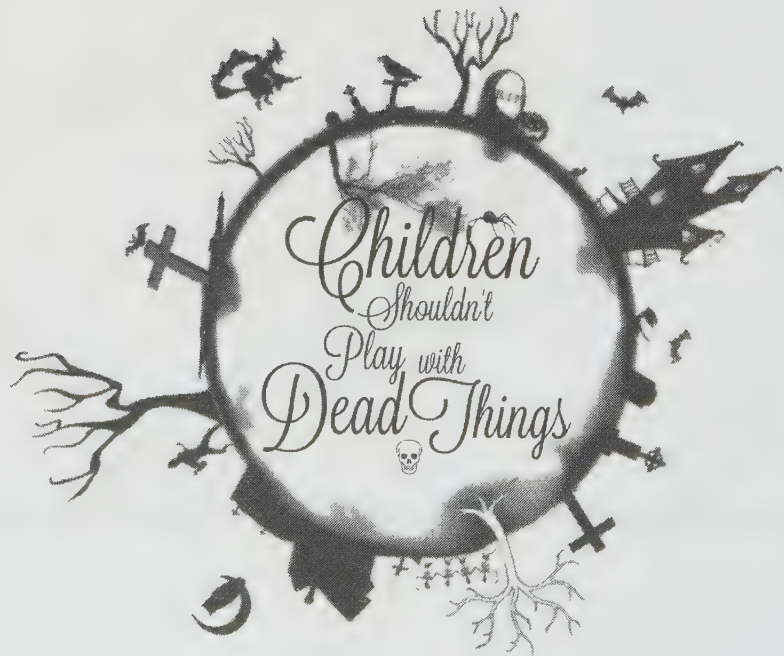
She was trying. She was really trying to listen.

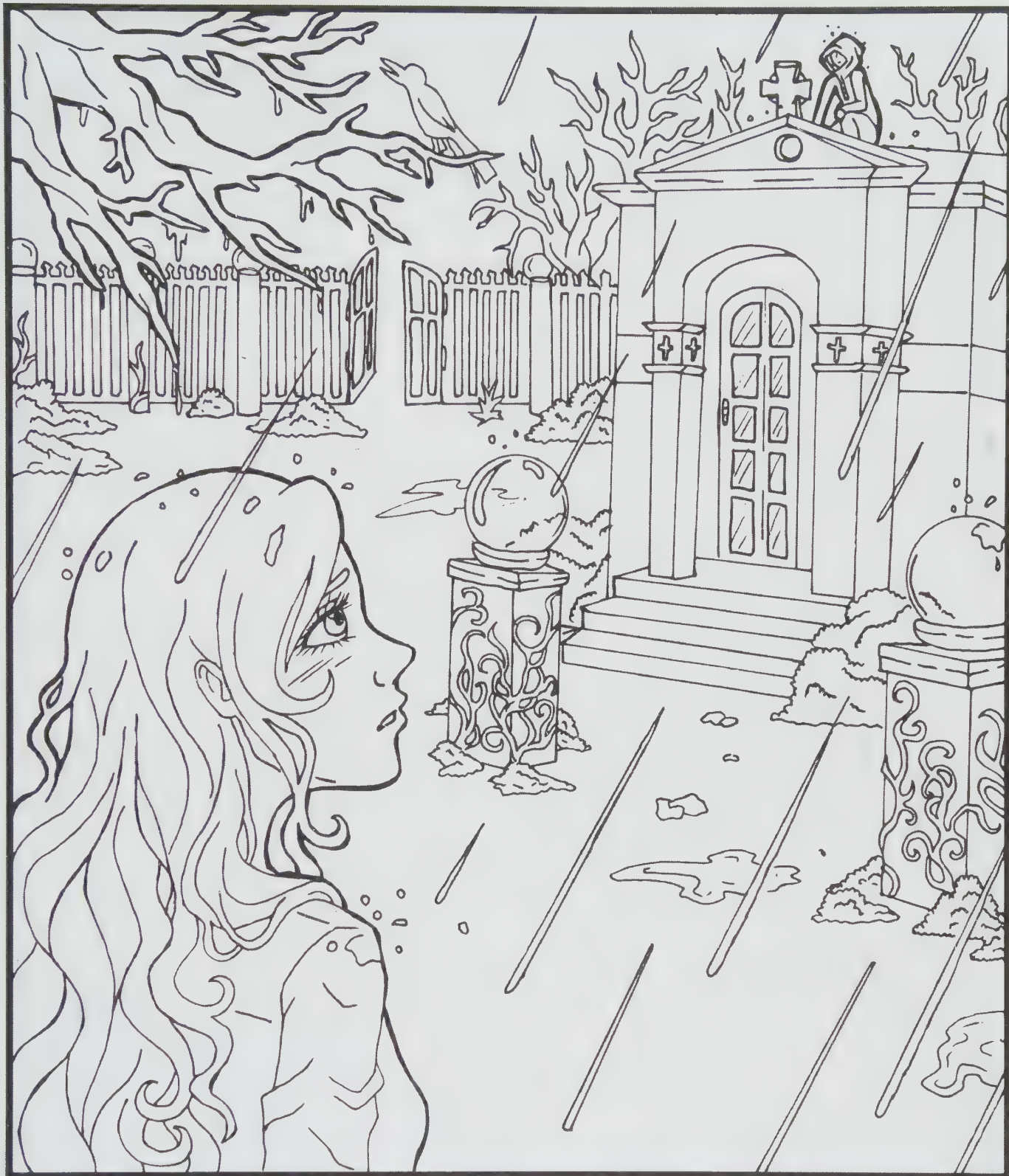
“Nolite audire mortuis,” he whispered. “Nolite audire mortuis. Nolite audire verba mendacia mortuis.”





At first glance, she thought him a statue; an apparition in the deluge of rain. He sat perched on top of a mausoleum, crouched like a gargoyle with his elbows on his knees, hood shrouding his face. Three stone crosses rose behind him, giving him the appearance of a post-apocalyptic monk guarding a sacred shrine.







SPIRITER







Kai
LOnER&an
REAPER



Ember placed it on the ground and pressed her finger to its chest. It convulsed beneath her fingers. They looked at each other and giggled. She did it again.

“Do it again,” Kai said.

She did. It jumped, squirming, eyes flying open.

Kai and Tristin jumped back in surprise.





Tristin rounded on Tate, advancing on him with dark intentions. He backed up, smirking and hands raised.

“Not trying? I have no voice. I’ve been screaming for hours. I feel like I’ve been gargling razor blades,” Tristin said, voice cracking.

Tate bit his lip, but she could see him trying not to laugh. She lunged at him, taking him to the ground while he laughed.

“I’m going to murder you.”

He laughed. “What was that? I can’t hear you.”

“You’re so dead,” she growled, straddling him for a brief moment before she was on her back, her hands trapped above her head. As she watched, his feline eyes started to shine, features partially shifting, claws pricking at her wrists.

“Alright, banshee. Let’s play.”





The boy pulled up his sleeve revealing a serpent tattoo around his bicep.

Ember leaned in to look at the detail. “Wow.”

He waved his hand and the snake appeared to move, slithering across his skin and down his arm. The mouth opened and it hissed.

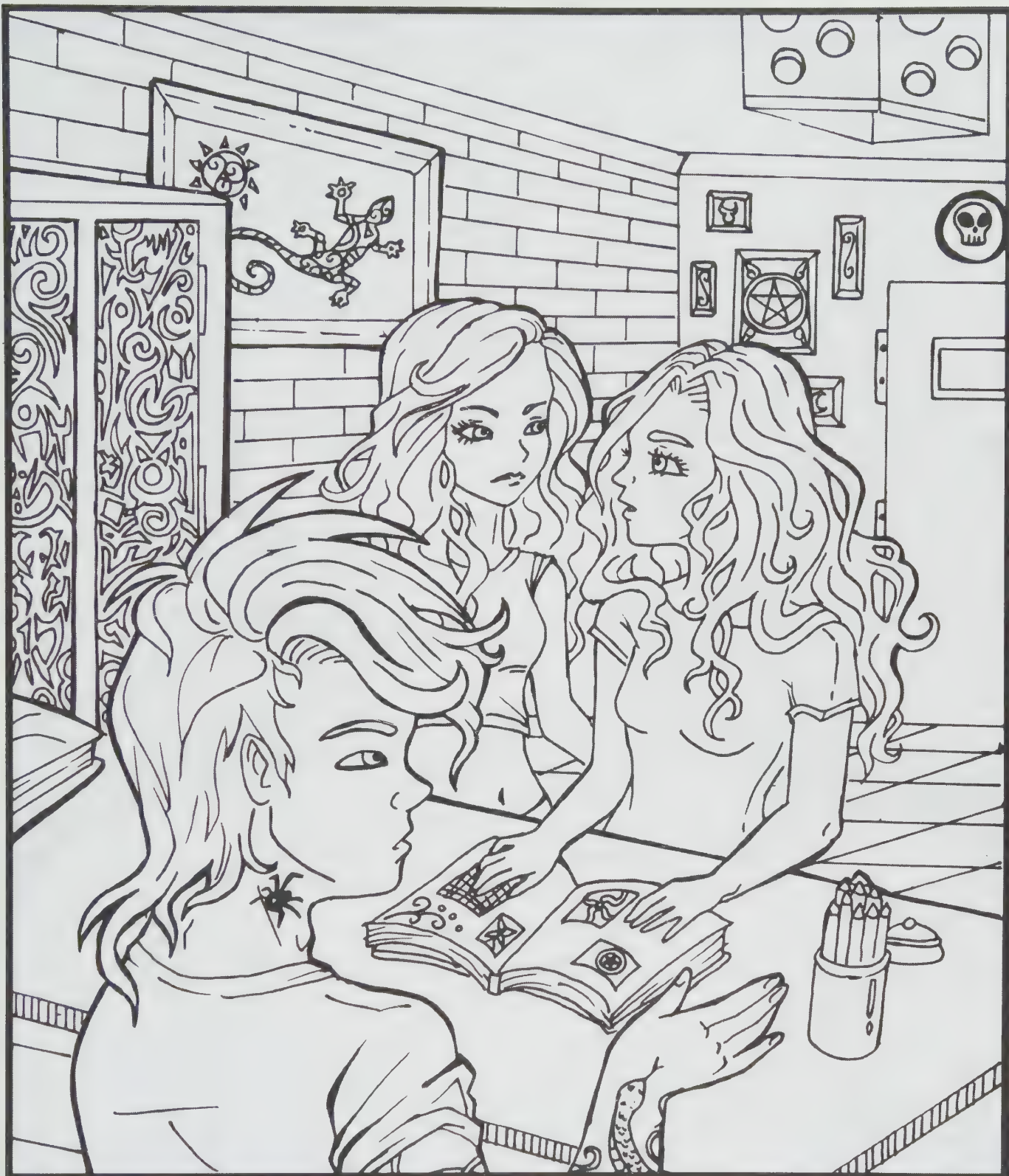
Ember jumped back, eyes wide, laughing. “How’d you do that?”

“He’s a wizard,” Tristin said without looking up from her phone.

“Like a male witch?”

“No, male witches are called male witches. He’s a wizard.”







Phyllis
McGowan
SHIPPER



“I’m sorry, I’m not doing a very good job at this.”

Quinn flinched forward and Ember closed her hand around his forearm, keeping him in place. The wolves shifted restlessly all around them.

“I’m not really sure what more to say about him. My dad should be here doing this but . . .” Astrid trailed off, eyes welling with tears. “But he’s convening the conclave to start an inquiry about what happened to Alex and to find our new leader.”

Ember fought to keep her mouth shut. Did Astrid just fake a nervous breakdown to leak their fake cover story to an entire captive audience? It was impressive, really.

She once again gazed at Quinn as fat tears rolled down her cheeks.





“Despite my sister’s best efforts, he’ll live. It’s apparently not his time to go . . . but it was almost yours.”

Ember’s eyes went wide and the girl whacked him on the arm. “You should really look up the word tact, bro.” She stepped forward then, smiling like it physically hurt her. “My name is Tristin and this is my brother, Kai. Do you remember us?”

She didn’t. “Um . . .”

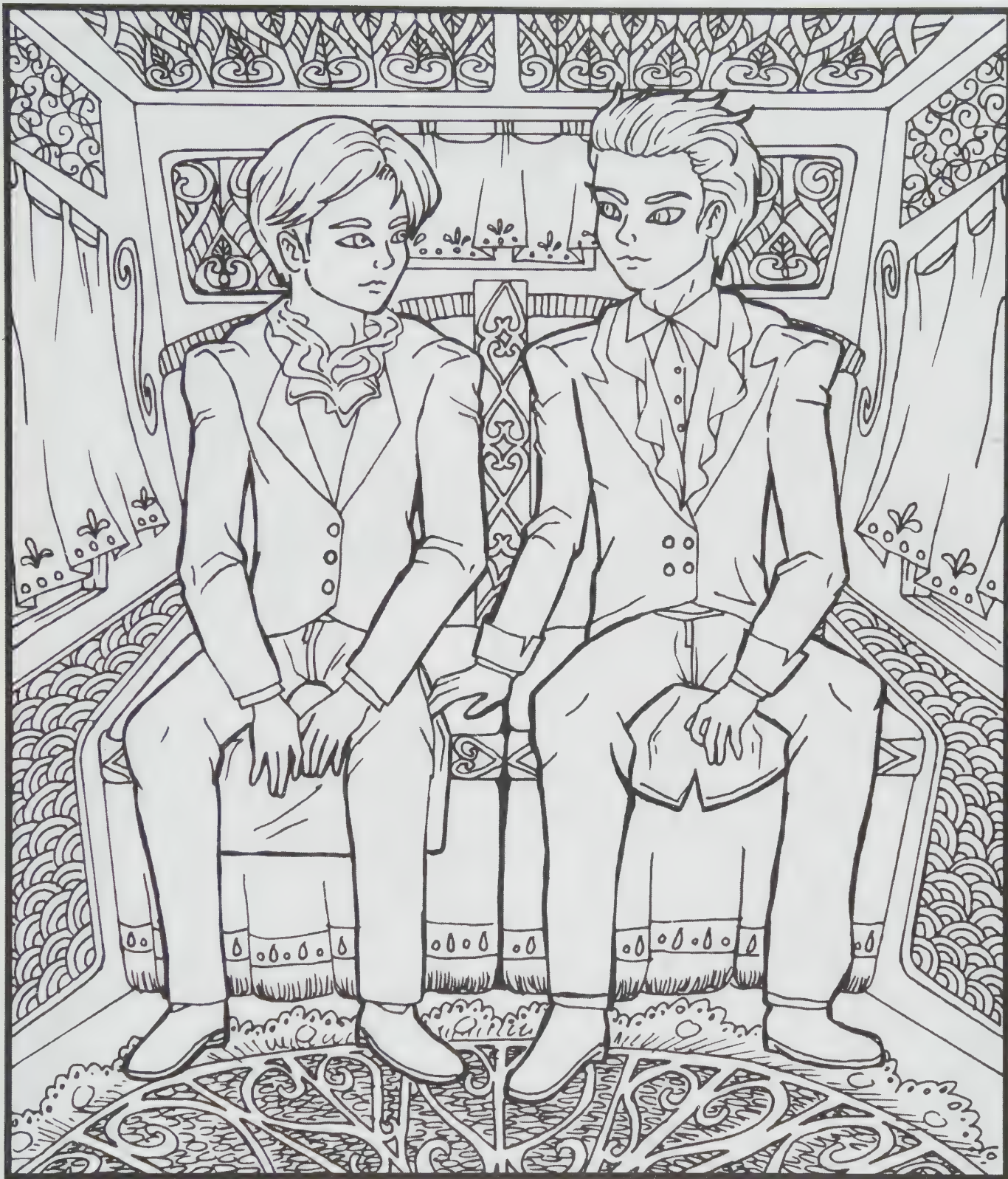
“We’re your cousins,” the girl—Tristin—said.





They rode in silence, the carriage rocking as hooves beat out a rhythm on the street below. Finn was right, Silas was living the life of a gentleman. The price of this carriage alone could have fed his sisters for a century. He looked the part, those fine cheekbones and the ever present expression of indifference, as if the very act of existing was tedious. How had he accomplished such a monumental task? Finn said he wasn't a gentleman; so why did everybody believe him to be? It's almost impossible to fool the aristocracy. Hiding those eyes from the human world would take a great deal of magic. Who was this man?







REAPER
Tristin
LOnER&an



Isa looked at Kai and Tristin each in turn. “Gather round, children,” she commanded the room, her voice daring somebody to argue. “It seems it’s story time. And, since Kai decided he can make decisions without his pack, he gets to be the one to fill us all in.”





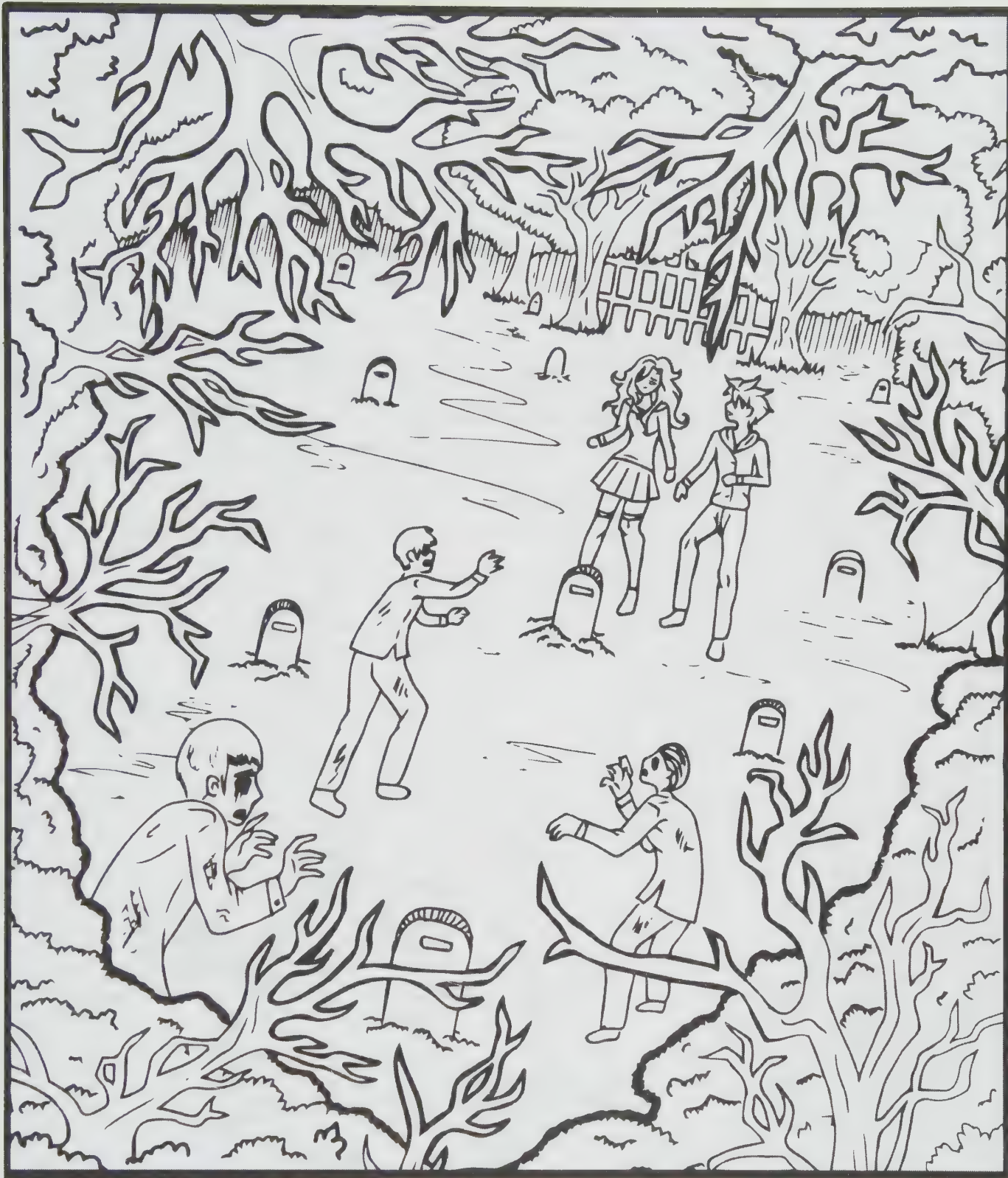
They didn't move very fast. They weren't newly dead, but also not the rotting corpses of zombie movies. There was dirt on the fairly modern looking clothing they'd been buried in and their skin was mottled, dark grey in some places and a waxy white in others, but the embalming had done its job at keeping them intact.

Her eyes flinched to where Mace stood, arms crossed, watching her with brows raised. "Are you trying to heighten the tension by waiting until their teeth are snapping at your neck, or are you going to give them a command, luv?"

Ember narrowed her eyes at him. "Bite me."

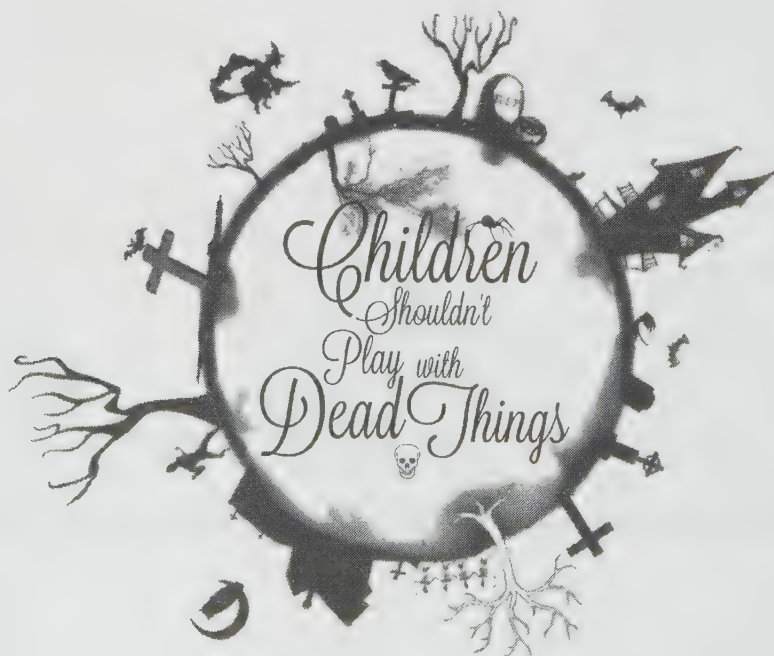
Mace grinned, glancing at the revenants stumbling in their direction. "Perhaps not the best command to start with when facing four ravenous zombies."

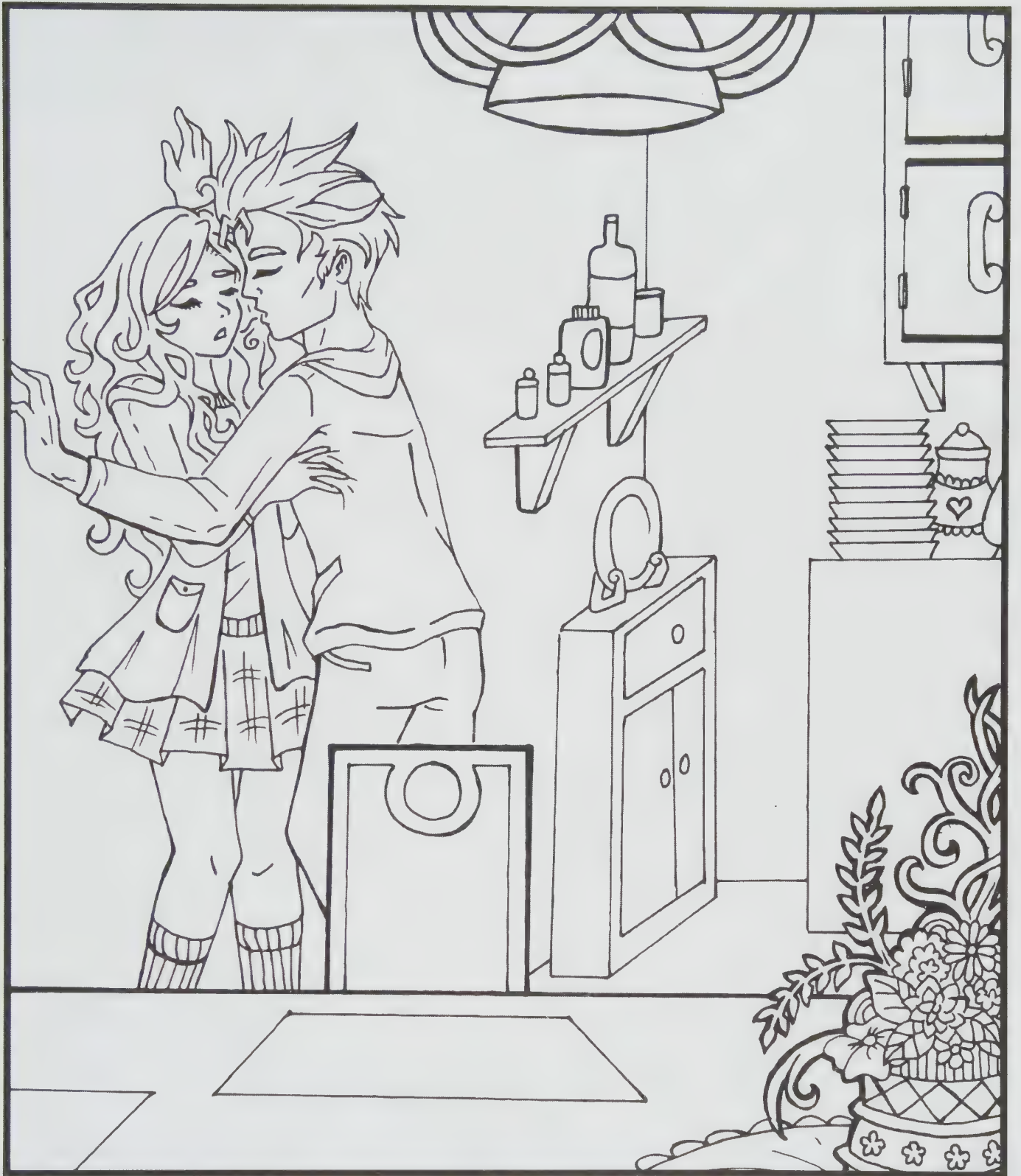




“Just hold still,” he whispered. He was close enough to feel her heartbeat rabbiting in her chest.

She trembled as his magic took control. Her mouth opened and she whimpered as a piece of her became his. To anybody else, it looked like an intimate embrace, a couple just on the verge of kissing, one hand at the back of her neck, the other on her cheek. Nobody could see the soul. They couldn't see him pull it from her lips and into himself.

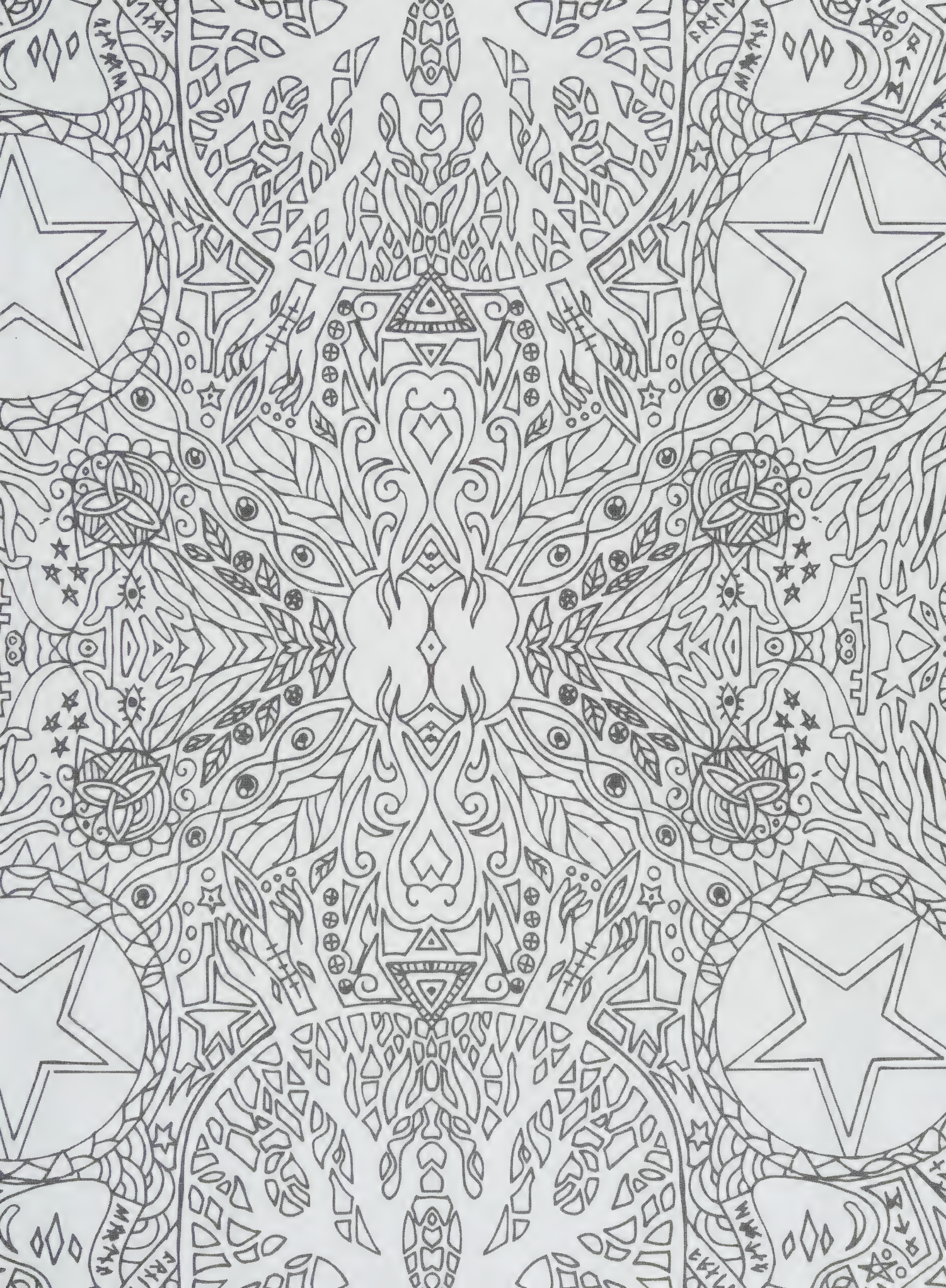






Witch







Quinn
Folbot

A decorative graphic of a witch's hat is positioned behind the text. The hat is tilted to the right, and the word "WITCH" is written in a stylized, gothic font across its band. The hat's brim is wide and curved, and the crown is pointed.



Tristin fought the urge to growl. She wouldn't feel sorry for Ember. She had brought this on herself. Tristin had tried to be nice once, but Ember shut her down. Ever since their brawl, they'd both mutually decided to just interact as little as possible.

"Whatever. Just because Ember lost her boyfriend, doesn't mean she gets to steal m—" Tristin snapped her mouth shut so hard her teeth clacked.

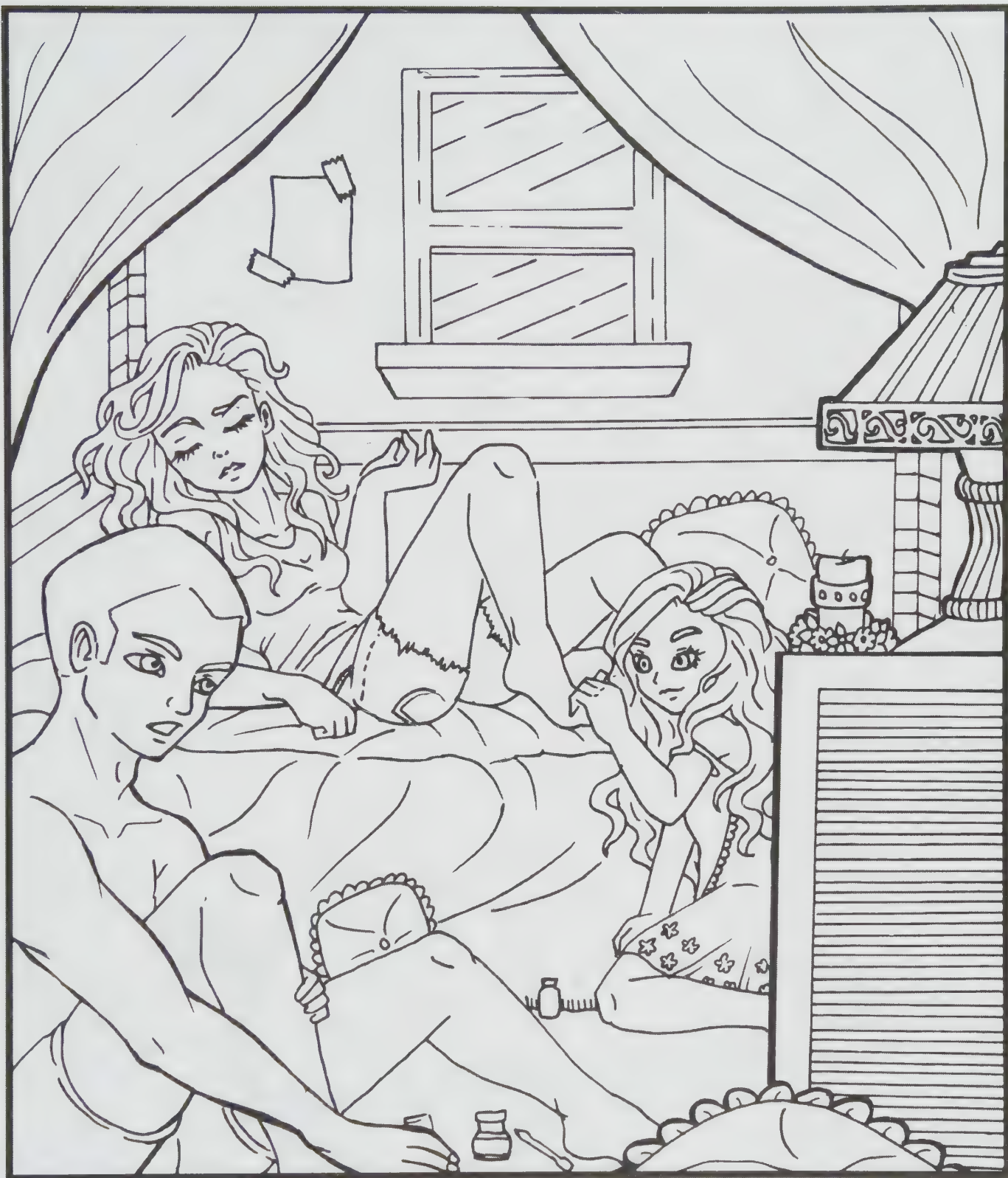
Donovan's eyes went big as saucers and Neoma grinned. Tristin's face burned.

"Your what? Your boyfriend?" Donovan asked.

Tristin squared her jaw. "I didn't say that."

"No, but you wanted to," Neoma told her in a singsong voice, delicately replacing the lid to the darker color and grabbing the clear top coat.





Varsity guy barked out a laugh. "What, like I'm going to fight some tiny chick holding a baby?"

Isa's smile went feral. Without looking behind her, she said, "Rhys, hold the baby."

Rhys took the baby, looking him up and down with a smirk. "I'd just walk away if I were you."

"What are you? Her boyfriend?"

"No. That'd be me," Wren said from the pass-thru window.

"So, what, I swing and you come save her?"

Wren laughed. "My wife fights her own battles." He winked at Isa, before turning back to the boy, smile disappearing as he said, "I just like to watch."



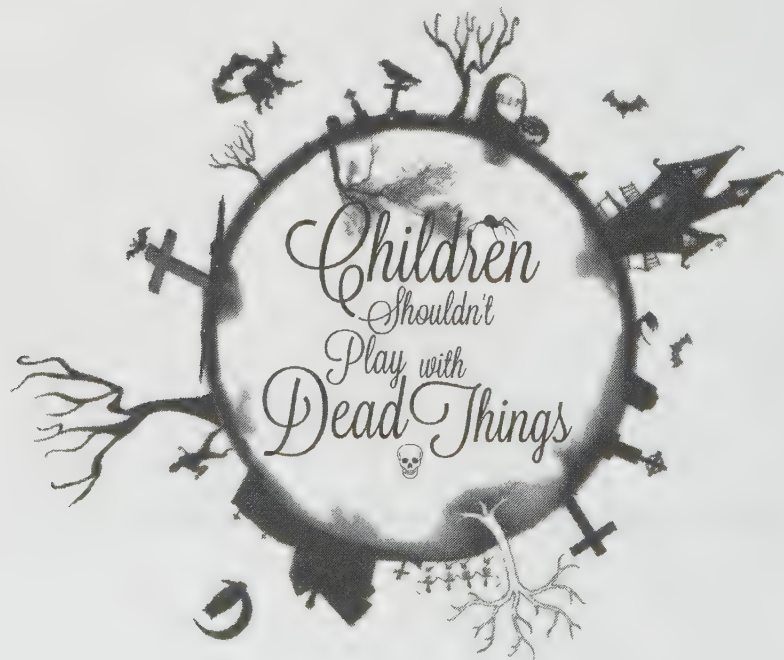


Rhys' head snapped up, golden green eyes flashing bright as Kai's mouth twisted.

"But that's not what you want, is it? You don't want me. You just don't want anybody else to have me." Kai swiped at the wetness on his cheeks.

Rhys gaped at him.

"You use your scent like a bookmark. You mark me to hold your place. For what? Why do you do this? Do you even know? Why put your scent all over me if you have no intention of doing anything about it?" He moved closer, holding his wrist to the wolf. "Do I smell like you? Do you smell like me too? Can you even separate our scents anymore? What are you waiting for?"







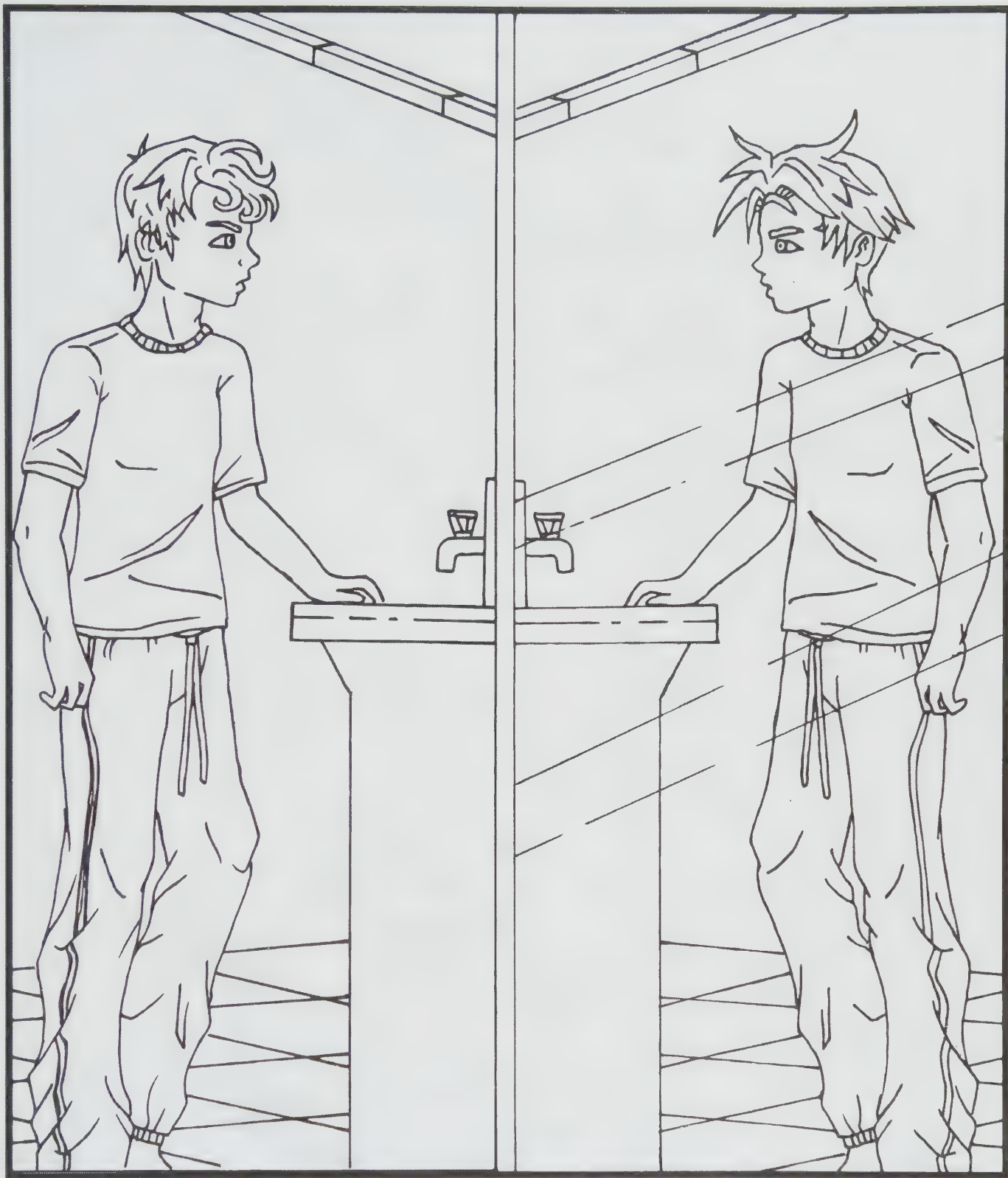
Isa McGOWAN

CHAPTER



Pain, knife blade sharp, brought him back to the present. As he watched, the last two burns healed. They healed so quickly. He ran his fingers across the smooth flesh of his abdomen, watching as Mace's image did the same. He thought of Peter Pan and his shadow with the mind of its own. He walked a tightrope, waiting for the day the image in the mirror did something different than Quinn, waiting for that shadow self to break free.





The cashier snapped her gum and smiled at them.
“What’s his name?”

“He didn’t say,” Rhys muttered, smile flat. She stared at him, vacant.

“Ignore him, he’s sleep deprived,” Kai said, staring at the screaming baby. “His name is Rhys after his daddy, but we call him R.J. right, babe?”

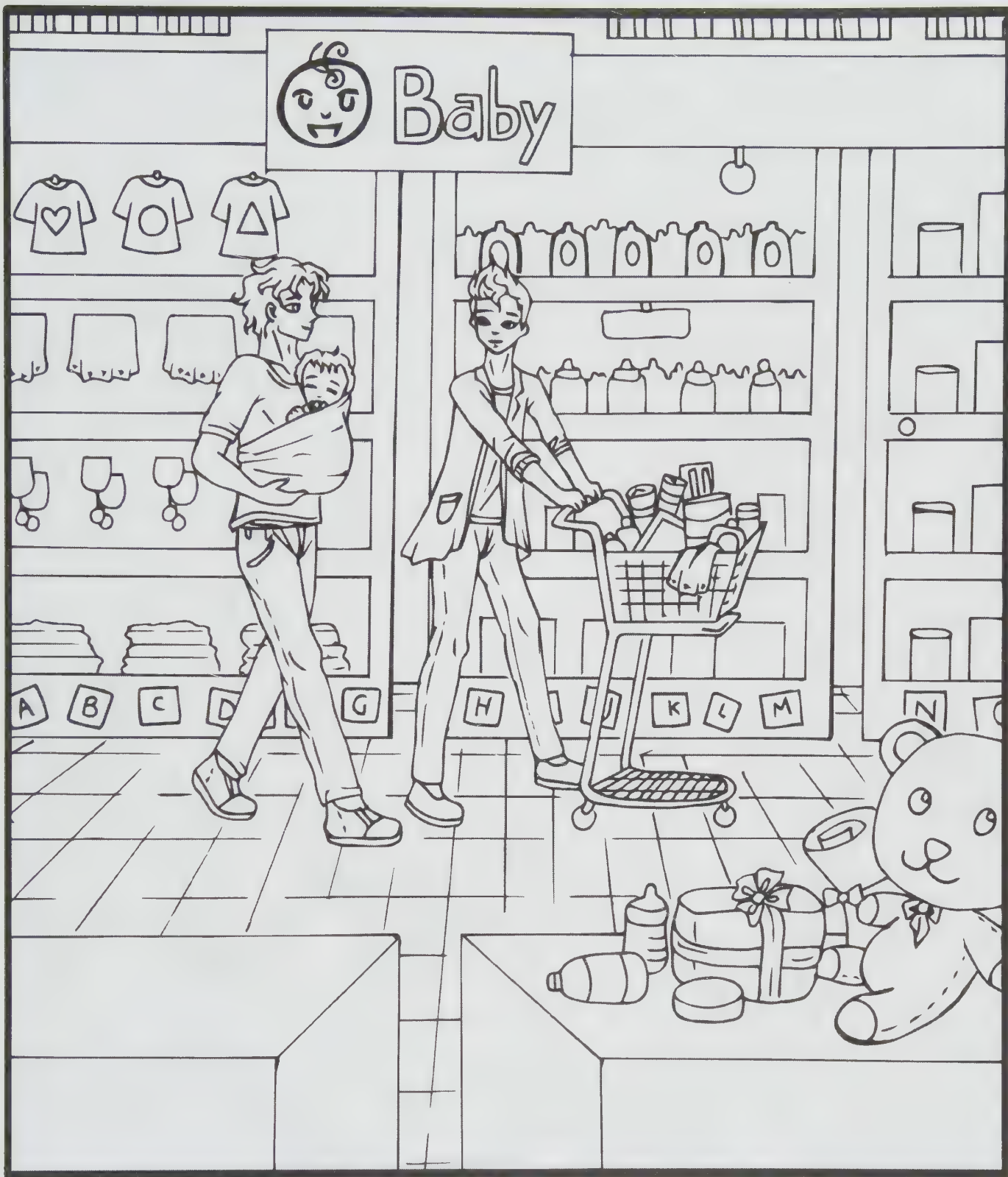
Rhys’ eyebrows were displeased. His jaw clenched before he said, “Whatever you say, Christopher.”

Kai’s mouth fell open, but the cashier didn’t notice.

“Aw, that’s so cute. He looks just like you guys.”

They eyeballed each other as she continued to slowly ring up their purchases and the entire store grew to hate them.





Rhys frowned with his eyebrows, looking at him like he was stupid. “Yeah, us.”

Kai’s already elevated heart rate seemed to triple as he looked at the tent and back to Rhys. “Wait? You did this?”

Rhys dropped his eyes with a shrug, looking at his feet, his words choked. “You said you wanted to stay overnight by the lake and, when we were at the preserve, you said the tent seemed . . . comfortable.”

Rhys remembered that? “Yeah, but I just meant a couple of sleeping bags. I didn’t think you were going to take me glamping.”

Rhys’ eyes shot to his and he gave his most longsuffering sigh. “Never use that word again.”







When Davies SHIPPER



Harlow took a seat at the breakfast nook and stared at her hands, mouth forming words but no sound. Tristin hurried to drain the rest of her water bottle so she could escape.

“But she’s doing it wrong,” Harlow hissed at her hands.

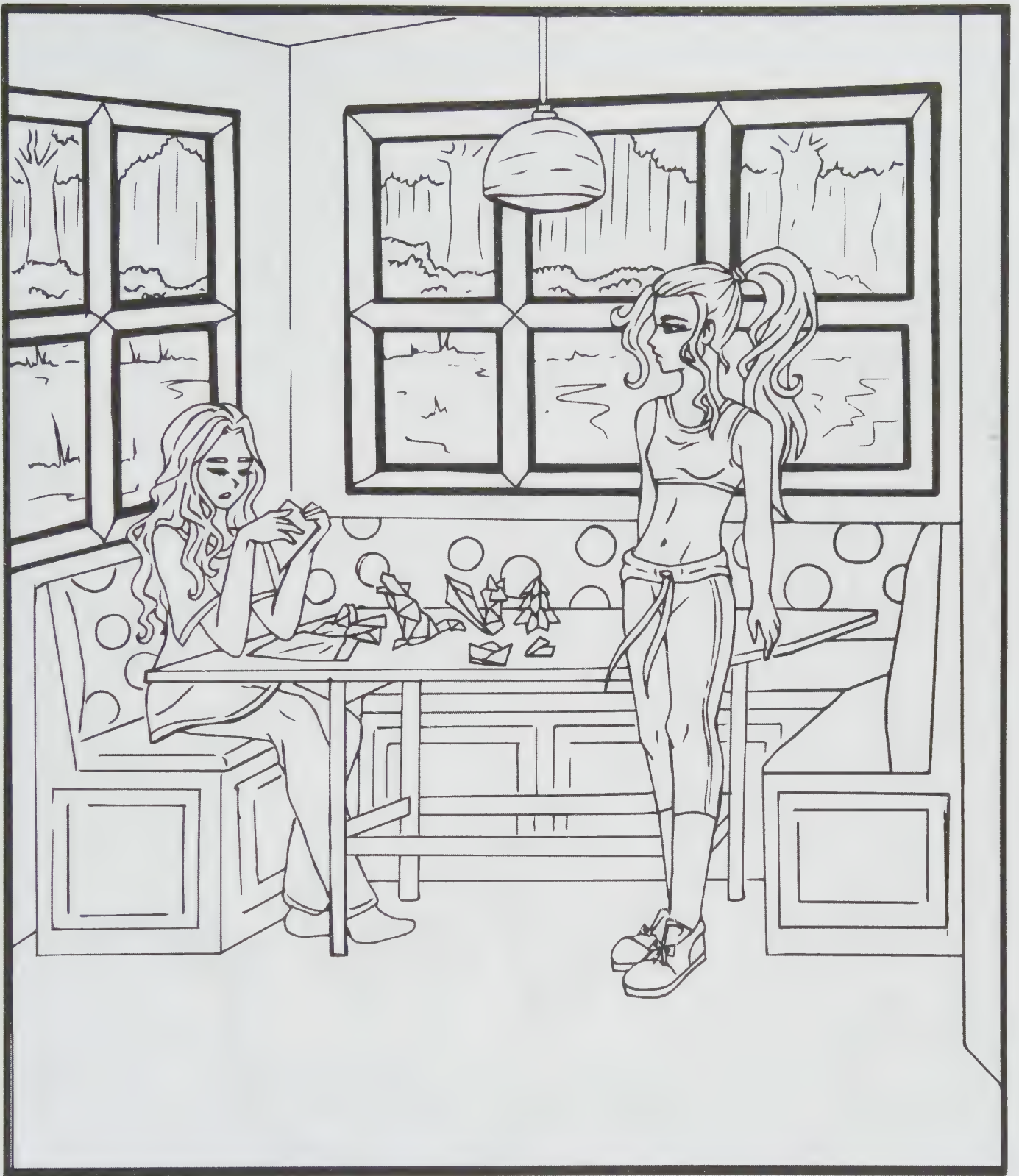
O-kay, then. Tristin eased her way towards the back door; even Tate was preferable to this level of lunacy.

Harlow’s head jerked up, eyes tracking Tristin across the kitchen. “You’re doing it wrong.”

“Okay,” Tristin said, smiling until her face hurt. “Then, I’ll do it better,” she promised, figuring it was better to agree than engage.

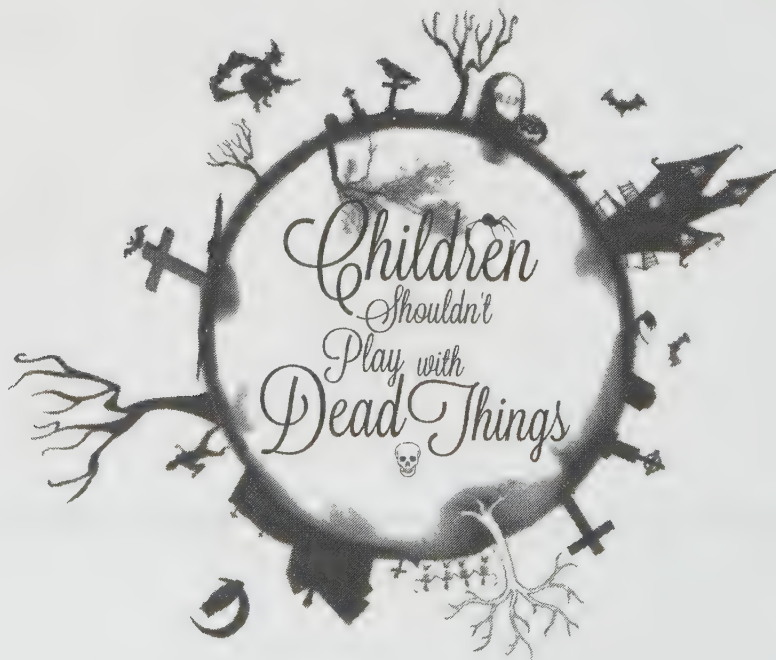
“Your banshee won’t scream because you won’t let her.”

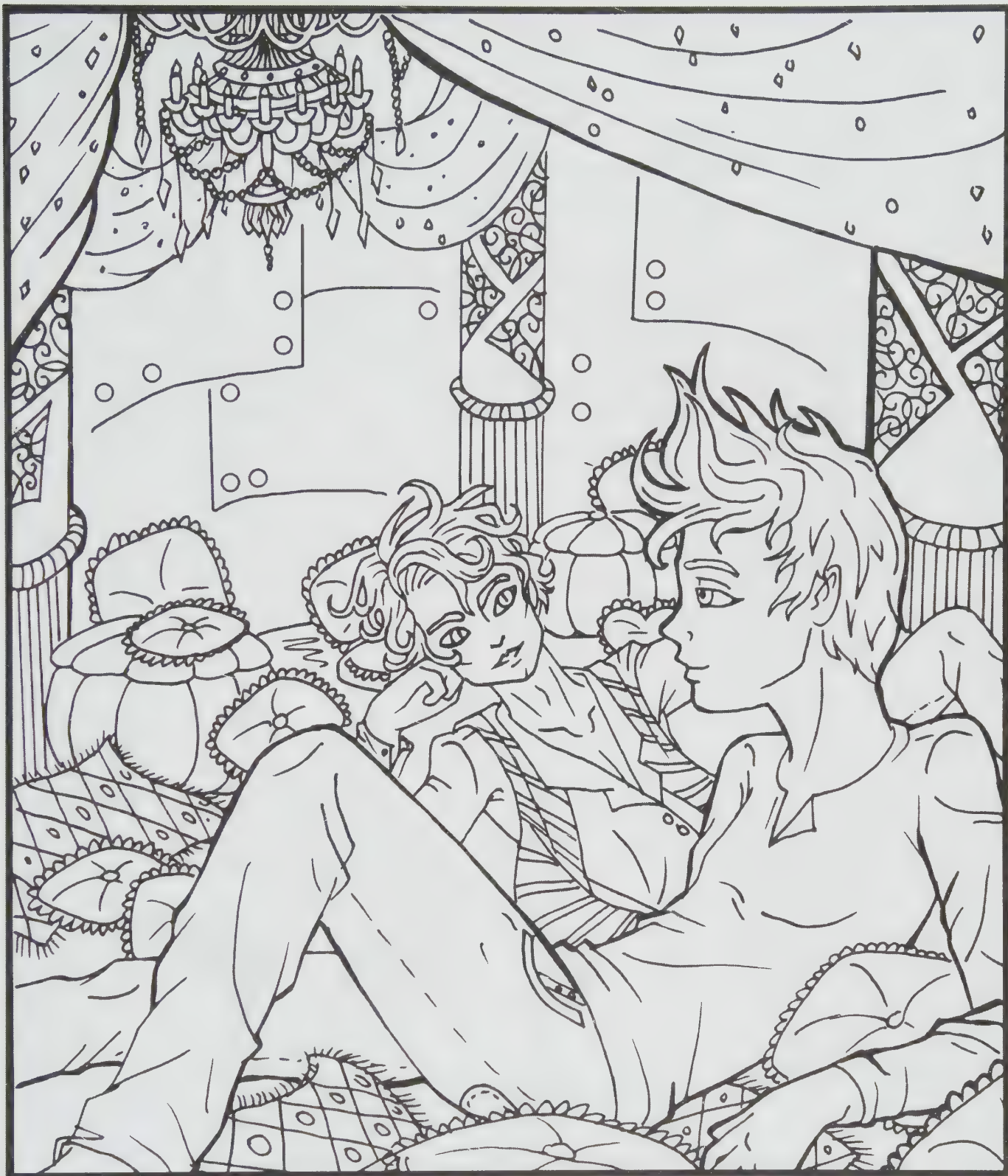




“Relax, I can smell him all over you,” Tate said, with a wave of his hand, flopping into the pile of pillows and slugging straight from the bottle he still clutched. “I can keep my hands to myself. As irresistible as you might be.” He winked at him.

Kai’s annoyance flashed to the surface. “I don’t belong to him. I don’t belong to anybody.”





“Well, you’ve been falling into mine for years.” She was trying for snarky, but it came out breathy and a little desperate.

He chuckled, and her stomach dipped. He was laughing at her. She narrowed her eyes at him, grabbing the back of his head and smashing their mouths together, smiling at his sound of surprise. She started to pull away, happy to have the upper hand back, but his hands snaked into her hair, drawing her back to him, soft lips slanting against hers, deepening the kiss until her thoughts scattered like leaves on the wind.







HAB







Neoma
Davies

The text 'Neoma' is written in a large, elegant, cursive script, while 'Davies' is in a smaller, all-caps serif font. To the right of the text is a decorative arrangement. At the top is the word 'FAB' in a small, blocky, outlined font. Below it are several circular motifs: one with a leaf, one with a flame, and one with a drop. These are arranged in a cluster, with some overlapping.



“She threatened you guys. I would have done the same,” Donovan said, holding his fist out.

Rhys bumped his knuckles against Donovan’s, not even needing both hands to support her cousin’s more than six-foot frame. Werewolf strength was crazy. As if to prove her point, Donovan’s massive arm squeezed her shoulders in what she assumed was his version of a hug.

“Ouch, hey fragile reaper here,” she scolded. “I’m going to start carrying a rolled up newspaper.”

“Oh, now she’s got dog jokes. Okay,” he laughed but he dropped his arm.

Tristin huffed out an annoyed sound before moving to stand on the other side of Donovan. Ember sighed in relief, entwining her arm through Quinn’s.

“Admit it,” he murmured, voice raising goosebumps along her skin. “You did that on purpose. You’re just dying to fall into my arms.”

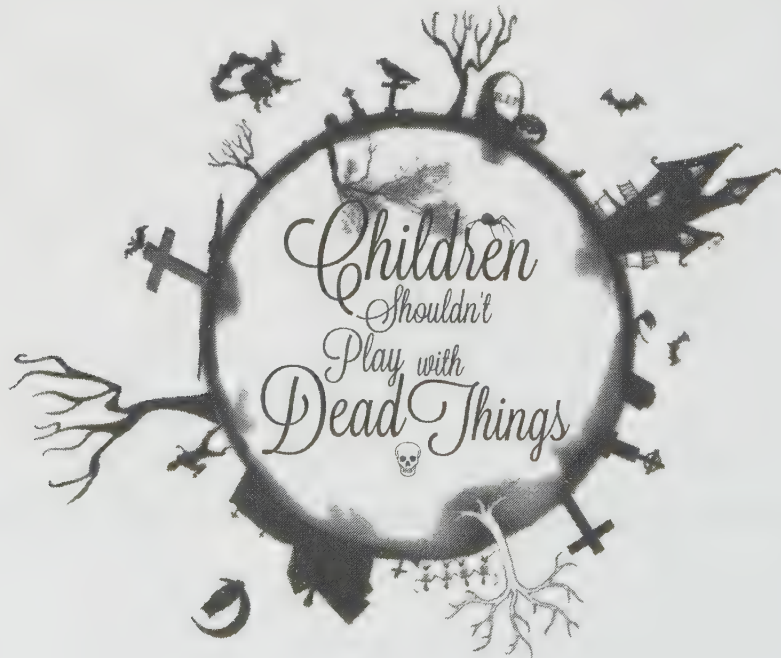




"I'm a nice girl," she promised, before frowning. "But maybe you don't care about that. I mean, if you're, like, a murderous psychopath, you probably aren't super interested in my feelings, but what about yourself?" she reasoned, gesturing spastically to all of his . . . self. "You seem like the kind of guy who thinks a lot of himself."

He cocked an eyebrow but said nothing.

She was in turbo babble mode now, she couldn't stop. "If you kill me your life is over. You will definitely go to jail. I mean, look at me." She gestured to her face. "I look like an ad for facial cleanser and girls who eat yogurt. Juries eat that stuff up. You'd probably get the chair."



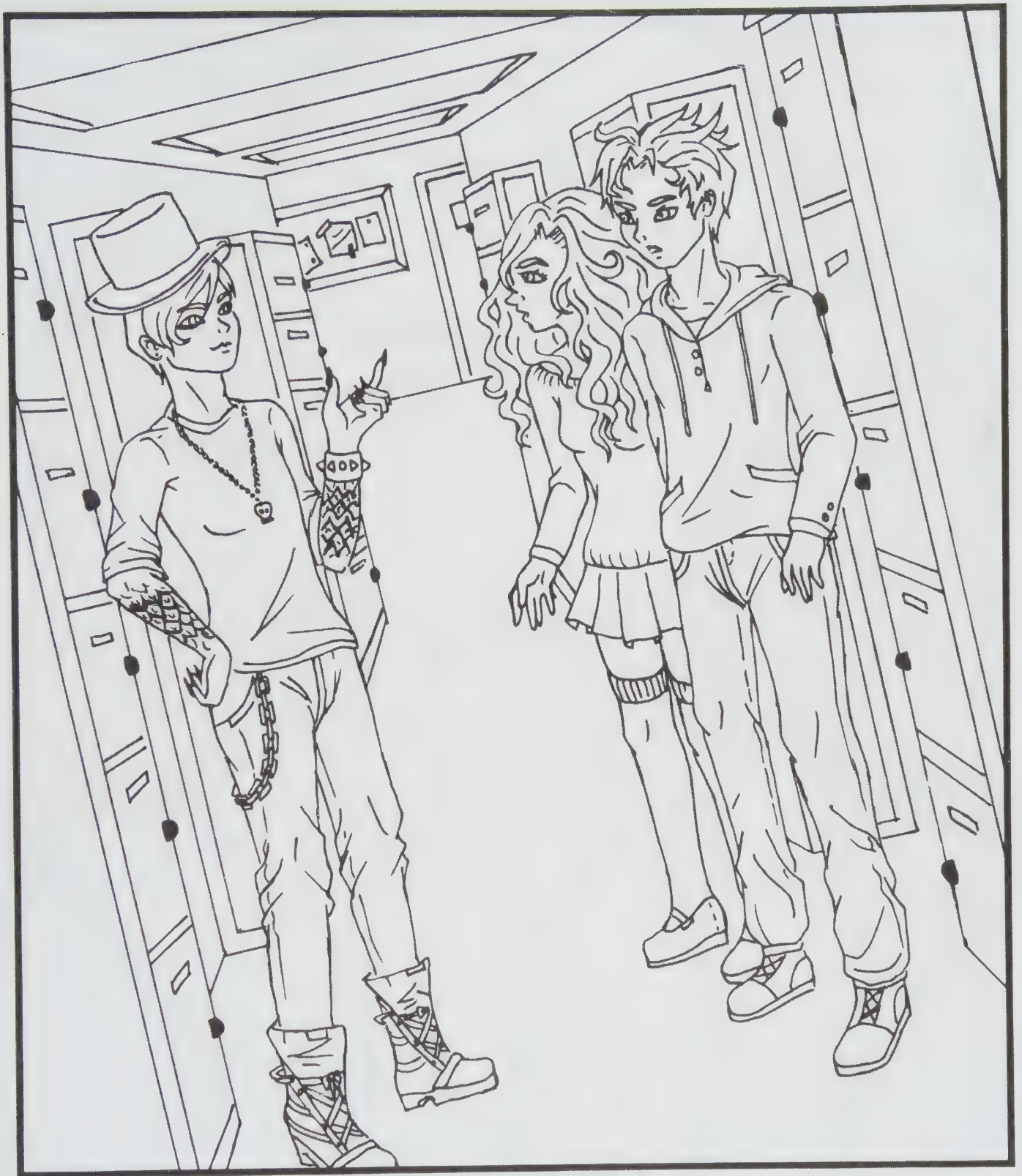


Ember finally managed to find her voice.
“Who are you?”

“Of course, where are my manners?” He stepped back. “My name is Silas Harker.” He removed his hat, bowing at the waist in a regal manner before snapping upright and righting his hat.

Ember blinked at him. Her brain had exited stage left and she wasn’t sure it was coming back. What was happening? Her higher thought process may have checked out, but her senses were screaming danger. She had no idea who this guy was, but she didn’t believe for a second his name was anything as mundane as Silas Harker.



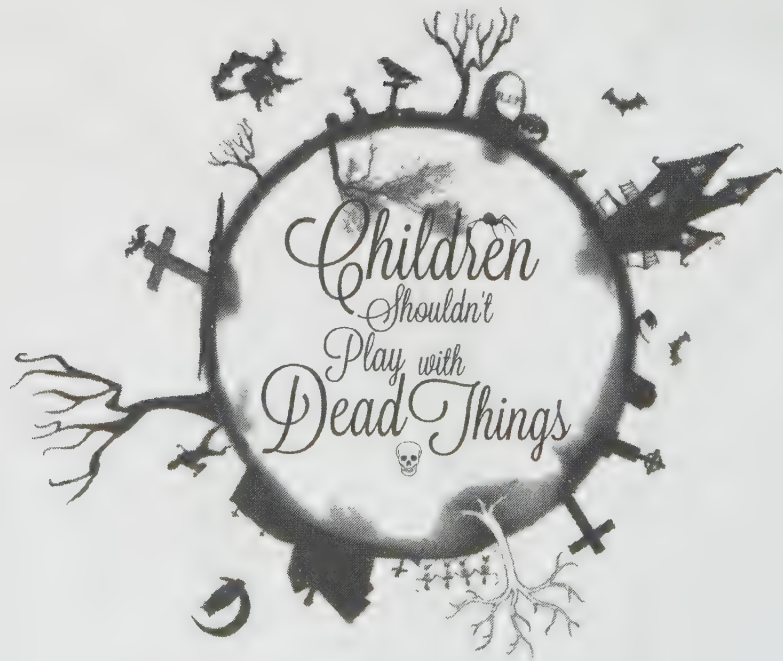


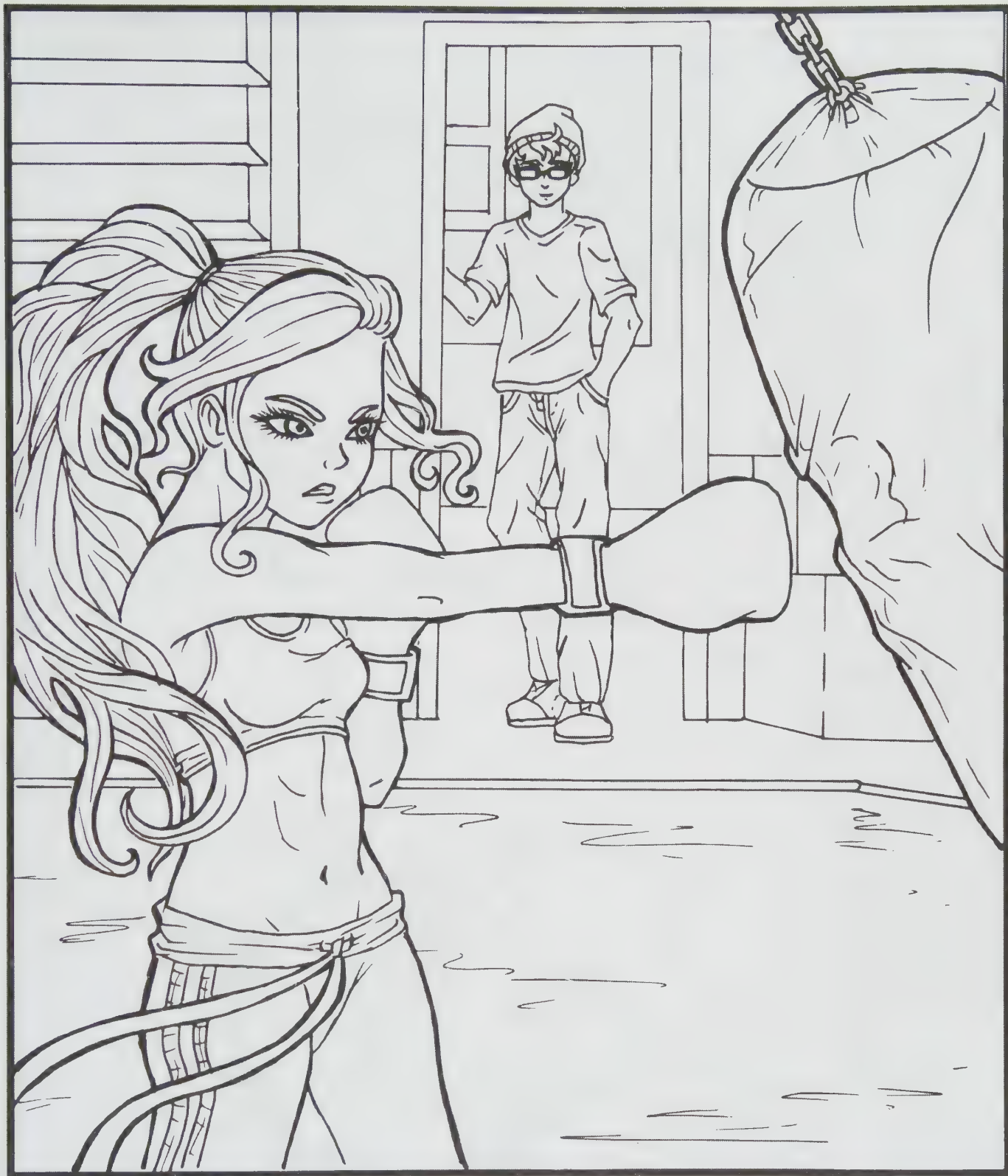


Donovan SHIPPER
JAMES



Footsteps approached but she didn't stop, instead throwing a left roundhouse at the bag before faking left and coming in hard with a right elbow. It was Quinn. She knew his walk, the way he breathed. She ignored how the knot in her stomach loosened at the sight of his shadow against the wall.



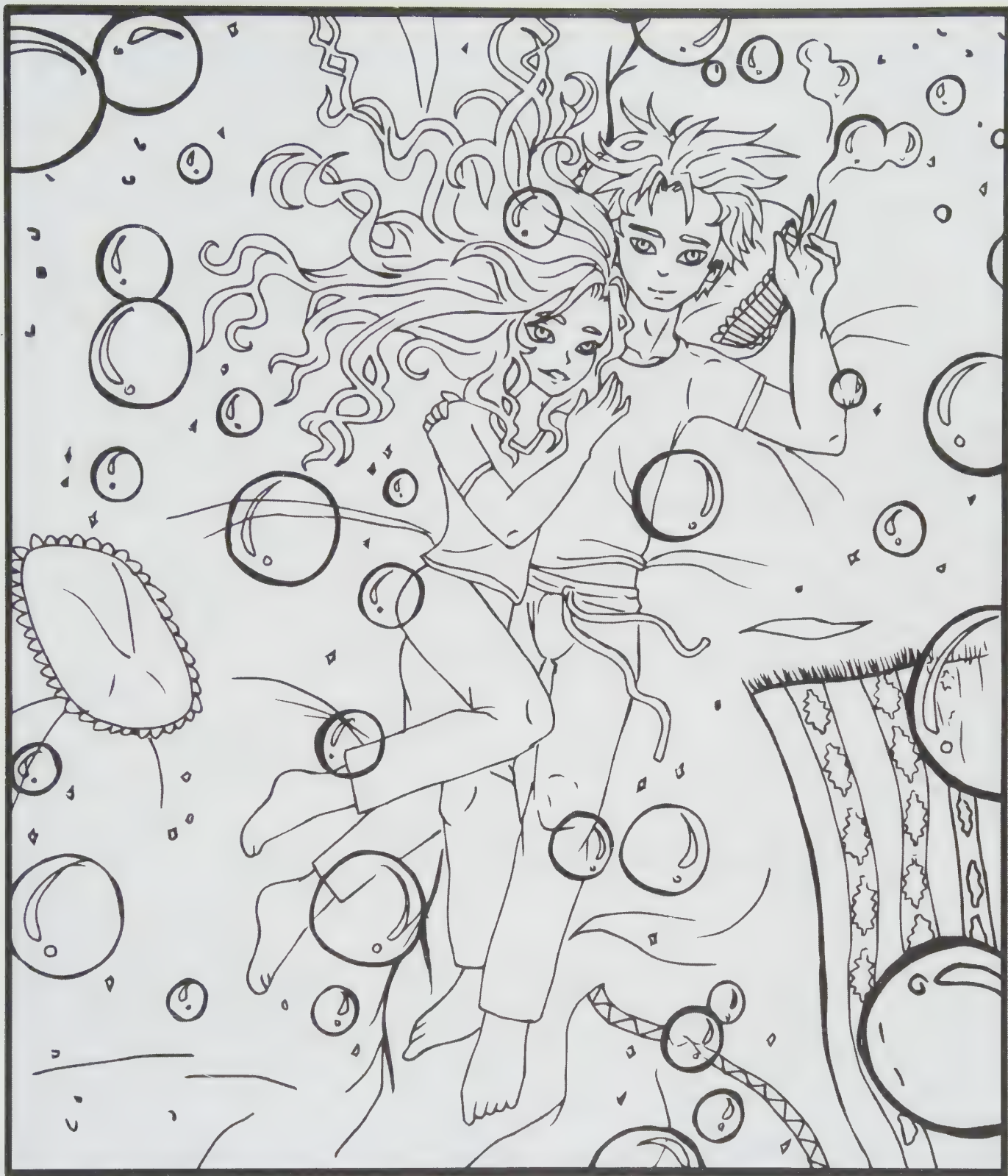


In the dim light of the room, clear bubbles formed from Quinn's hands, rising and dancing above their heads. Ember stared, fascinated, letting her mind drift. She'd let it go if she could; let Mace go. But she needed to talk to him. She had questions only he could answer.

"Stop thinking so loud," Quinn admonished. "Look, bubbles, wee, your favorite."

"I'm not a toddler." Ember pouted but watched the bubbles with wide-eyed fascination nonetheless.





About Martina McAtee

Martina McAtee is a bestselling author and the winner of the 2016 Reader's Favorite Gold Medal for her first book, *Children Shouldn't Play with Dead Things*. She lives in Jupiter, Florida with her teenage daughters, her best friend, two attack Chihuahuas, and two shady looking cats. By day she is a registered nurse, but by night she writes young adult books about reapers, zombies, werewolves, and other supernatural creatures. She wrote her first story when she was five with an orange crayon on a legal pad she stole from her mom's office. She's been writing ever since.

Her novels, *Children Shouldn't Play with Dead Things* and *Dark Dreams and Dead Things* are on sale now at Amazon, Barnes & Noble, and Books A Million. She is currently working on the third book in the 'Dead Things' series, *Sinister Souls and Dead Things* due to release in 2017.

About Arnild Aldepolla

Arnild Cuarteron Aldepolla lives with his mother in Davao City, Philippines. He received a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Visual Communication at PWC and is currently a freelance artist. He is also a bookworm and really enjoys urban fantasy. The *Vampire Diaries* television show was what influenced Arnild to read and collect books.

The DEAD THINGS coloring book is his first ever published work.





36336966R00053

Made in the USA
Middletown, DE
31 October 2016

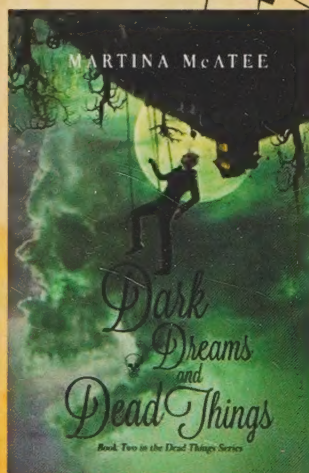
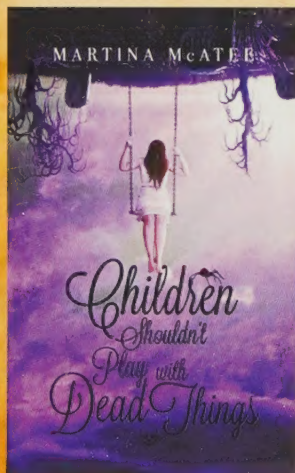


Welcome to Belle Haven

Enter the fictional world of Award Winning Author Martina McAtee's Dead Things Series where the supernatural is natural and things always take a turn for the weird. In this small Florida town, you'll find reapers, shifters, witches, fae and all manner of creatures in between.

Revisit scenes from the first two books in the series with more than 45 colorable illustrations from artist, Arnild C. Aldepolla, featuring, Ember, Mace and all your favorite characters from the Belladonna Pack.

DON'T MISS



www.martinamcatee.com

Cover Illustration & Artworks @ 2016 by
Arnild Aldepolla | Vintage Paper Image
Courtesy of Shutterstock

ISBN 9781539746850



9 781539 746850

90

P8-BFR-765